

Stripey French Leather

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Summary: Sarah Manning can't wait to have a good old catch up with her brother, Felix, at Bobby's Bar. The night takes an interesting turn, when one Delphine Cormier turns up. Alcohol, music and a great game of pool ensues...

Stripey French Leather

**A/N **This fic is just for fun and I own none of the characters.
Hope you enjoy!

* * *

><p>The worn door to the bar swings open and Sarah makes her way in, whipping her wet hood from her head, mentally thanking Alison, who warned her it would rain " that woman always knows what's best for people.<p>

Giving a smile and a side hug as she walked past Bobby, she spots her brother in the booth off to the side and makes her way over.

"Fe," she says, grabbing his attention.

"Sarah, hey," he smiles, immediately getting up to give his sister a big bear hug.

They both take their seat, sliding in opposite each other and Sarah takes a big gulp from his drink.

"Please, help yourself," he mocks, rolling his bright eyes.

"Sorry, missed the bus didn't I. Didn't realise how far this place was from Ali's," she says, wiping some hair from her face and puffing out some air.

They both sit for a second, just enjoying the background music from

the jukebox and the occasional knocking of pool balls being played across the bar.

"So, how is the busy sister I barely see any more?" Felix asked, grabbing his drink back, placing the straw in his mouth and chewing, eagerly awaiting a response.

"Tired," she shrugs with a chuckle, "you know how it is. Ali's always needing some help in the shop, Helena is 7 months on now, so she needs help getting about and things and I see Tony every now and again when I canâ€¦ oh and he says hi by the way and told me to do thisâ€¦" she winks in his direction and continues, "not sure why, but hey it's Tony, he does what he likes right?"

She laughs and gives Bobby a quick signal that asks for the normal.

Felix chuckles and mentally takes a note to give Tony a text later â€" he needs to have some words.

"So not much happening then â€" typical you hey, slacking as usual," Felix says, earning a swat on the arm from his little sister.

"Anyway, enough about me, what's new with you? Haven't seen you for like, what, 2 months?" Sarah asks, seeing someone coming towards them.

Bobby puts Sarah's drink on the table, giving her a stroke on the arm.

"Reunion drinks are on me guys," she says smiling, before walking back to serve other loyal customers.

They both look at each other, knowing they're thinking the same thing: they have the most underappreciated friends; they need to remind Bobby she's awesome later.

"Well, I've just been doing the painting, sold some, lost some," he shrugs, finishing his drink as Sarah smiled back, "and may have sold 4 paintings for \$500 each and have been asked to showcase my art at the Freedom Festival this summer, nothing major."

Sarah coughs as she takes a sip from her drink, pushing her glass away and wiping at her lips.

"Fe! That's amazing!" Sarah says, grabbing his hand from across the table and squeezing it tightly, "I knew you would get your big break at some point, it's been a long time coming."

"Tell me about it," he laughs, releasing their hands and wiping his hair back in place.

"So, how many more pieces do you have to do for the Festival?" she asks, leaning back in the seat and stretching her arm over the back of the booth.

"Probably 8 or 10 more, I already have 6 ready to go but want to make sure I have enough, just in case word gets out that Felix Manning is in town and shit goes crazy, you know what my fans are like," he

says, touching up his lip balm using his hand mirror.

"What, Mrs. S and Tony?" Sarah raises her eyebrow in a cheeky manner.

Getting a foot to the shin under the table, Sarah chuckles, giving her drink a swirl in her hand.

The main door opened in the background, sending a rush of cold air along the floor of the crowded bar.

"Apparently there's going to be some A-listers at the Festival this year, not sure who but I'm going to be making some friends in high places most definitely," he says, putting his mirror away, "I'm going to be wining and dining rich baby" and apparently I'm talking to myself."

Looking towards his sister, he followed her eye line.

Spotting the glamorous looking blonde at the bar, he turned back towards Sarah, raising his eyebrows.

"Want to pick your jaw up from the floor my love? You're dribbling," he shook his head, getting up and walking towards the bar, waiting in line for a drink.

Sarah finally tore her eyes away, shaking her own head. _What was that? _She hadn't been able to look away. It was probably because that woman was new and you don't get many new people in a bar like Bobby's. _She did have an amazing coat though._

Buzzing away in her jeans, Sarah thanked for the distraction, getting her phone from her back pocket and scrolling through her Twitter notifications.

Looking back to the array of alcoholic beverages on show, Felix stretched his left leg out behind him, resting his forearms on the shiny bar top.

"So I was meant to be meeting her at the bar round the corner but she never showed. My luck hasn't been on my side today, so make it a strong one."

Felix could have sworn that the small laugh that followed the woman's sentence was the sexiest chuckle he had ever heard, in the most innocent way.

Bobby laughed along with the lady, making her a _strong_ Sex on the Beach.

"Pay now or tab it love?"

"Best make a tab I think," the blonde smiled, pushing her hair behind her ear, pieces falling back around her face naturally.

"And what name would that be?" Bobby placed the glass on the bar, pouring in the last dashes of orange juice to line the top.

"Delphine," the blonde replied, taking the glass as soon as it had

been finished and taking a big gulp, "merci beaucoup."

Delphine slipped from the bar stool and her boots could be heard clicking away until she sat at a table near the pool table, as she looked on at the group of men and women currently playing a game.

Felix looked on but could sense Bobby waiting in front of him.

"Two of the norm Bobs," he said, as he trailed his eyes back from the blonde.

She got to work and had the drinks on the bar in no time.

"Now she's a stylish chick if I ever saw one," he admired, "did you see her hair? What does she wash it in? The fucking _sun_?"

Bobby laughed at her friends antics, placed the drinks on their tab and got back to serving the others.

Felix drops back into the booth, sliding his sister's drink towards her.

"She's single and just been stood up," he stage whispered, "strike now or forever wish you had."

Sarah took a gulp from her fresh drink and stared at her brother.

"What the fuck are you on about Fe?" she laughed, kicking back in the booth once again.

"Delphine, Blonde Bombshell, my-hair-is-the-fucking-sun, Miss French Boots," he looked on as realisation dawned on Sarah's face, "my-legs-go-on-for-miles, Sex on the Beach, I can continue if you'd like?"

Sarah couldn't help but laugh and then she took her drink again.

"I have no idea what you're talking about," she shrugged, taking a sip and letting it chill her tongue before swallowing and scanning the bar, her biker boot tapping to the background music.

"Come off it Sarah, you stared her down like she was your next fucking meal," he held his chin up, knowing his sister far too well.

"Fe!"

"Saying the truth babe," he winked at her and took a drink.

"Yeahâ€¦ she, yeah, she got my attention a little but only because she was different," the brunette nodded, taking a quick moment to look over to the blonde, who was now scanning the jukebox, a different fresh drink in hand.

"Different, gorgeous, blonde, tall, beautiful, French, well-dressed, all the same isn't it?"

"Okay, point taken, she's very pretty," Sarah waved her brother off,

"anyway, we're not here for that, we're here to catch up, chill, have a good night."

"Well, that might have been your plan but I just spotted me some sweet, sweet candy just walk in and I will definitely be visiting the tuck shop later," he wiped his hair back and puckered his lips.

Sarah looked over to where Felix was looking and noted that the guy was incredibly good looking, his arms could literally pop out of that shirt at any minute and she was sure Felix would be the first to make sure he didn't get cold.

~O~X~O~X~O~X~O~

Time went on and the hours got later and later until the bar was getting quieter.

"She did not!" Felix laughed, as he dipped into the bowl of chips they had got to share.

Why did 2am always make them want chips when they were out?

"Yep, personalised, couldn't believe it but then again, I shouldn't have expected anything less, it's Alison for god's sake," Sarah laughed, dipping her chip in ketchup.

"Go on, what did it say?" he asked.

"7 onesies, guessing for each day of the week knowing her, all saying 'Alison Hendrix, No. 1 Favourite Aunty'. Clearly I've been outshone," she laughed, popping the chip into her mouth and licking her fingers clean.

"_Jeu stupideâ€|"_"

"That's brilliant, god, I love that woman," Felix grinned, imagining Alison getting those custom made for the baby.

"_Come on, c'est stupideâ€|"_"

"It's going to be the most spoilt kid in the world with us lot as family," Sarah laughed, her eyes flicking over to the slightly tipsy blonde at the pool table.

"_Luckiest_, you mean luckiest kid in the world," Felix smiled, "I mean look at us!"

He grinned and put his arms out wide.

"Oh yeah, lucky as lucky can get," Sarah chuckled, as she used a napkin to wipe the ketchup from Felix's nose, as she slowly made her way over to the pool table.

The big brother moved over to the bar and sat atop a stall, grabbing Bobby's attention.

"More chips babe, I've got to watch this," he smiled at his friend, "she gets a little more confident after a few drinks."

The bar still had an audience, loyal customers here and there, a few newbies milling around â€" a generally nice atmosphere. The thing about Bobby's is that if the drinks are flowing and the people are happy, she stays open. It's been known that she hasn't closed before because people just didn't leave â€" technically against the law but no one's going to tell.

Sarah slowed her walk as she neared the pool table. Slipping off her red checkered hoody, she placed it delicately on the chair off to the side, before pushing up the sleeves of her long grey top, the low v-neck showing the glow of her skin. If there hadn't been as many people here, she would have also slipped off her biker boots but she didn't feel like it yet.

The low, warm lighting was comforting and the soothing rush of alcohol in her system had her relaxed, so she used her hand to flip her hair over and behind her ear and made herself known.

"Hey, um, hiâ€¦ I was just wondering if you maybe wanted someone to have a game with?"

Delphine paused her movements, surprised to have had someone speak, let alone to her.

The blonde looked up from where she was bent over the pool table and saw the brunette stood there, weight on one hip pushed against the edge of the table and a hand holding onto her neck resting over her chest, as the other was wrapped round her middle.

Delphine noted how shiny the woman's eyes were and the fact that they were slightly glazed over, no doubt by the alcohol.

"Iâ€¦ I am not very good," she stuttered out, a small bashful smile gracing her lips, "as you can probably tell."

Sarah looked at the table and noted that none of the balls had been potted and the woman had been playing for at least half an hour.

"We all have to start somewhere right?"

The brunette smiled and walked round the table towards Delphine. Sarah couldn't help but notice how amazing the woman smelled, even from this far away â€" damn, what was happening to her?

"May I?"

She motioned towards the pool cue in the blonde's hands and Delphine nodded, with that bashful smile on her lips again, before handing Sarah the cue, their hands accidentally brushing at the action.

Sarah thanked her and walked towards the white ball, placing the cue in her hands, angled where she wanted it and practiced the line twice before giving the cue some weight and knocking a striped red ball into the far corner pocket.

"I'm stripes," she smiled, before going for another ball.

"That's an unusual name," the blonde furrowed her eyebrows, "I'm Delphine."

Sarah also looked back just as confused and then a hearty laugh filled the air around them.

"Oh no, um, I mean I'm stripes because I potted a striped ball, you have to try and get the solid coloured balls in the pockets," she smiled, a raised eyebrow lining her face, "don't worry, we'll go through it slowly. And I'm Sarah by the way, even though Stripes might be a cool name."

Delphine ducked her head, embarrassed at her mistake.

Silence fell over them as Sarah lined up a few more balls, potting them as she went. A few more customers left and the duke box played on.

"I notice the French accent. You here on visit or have you relocated?" Sarah asked, potting yet another ball.

Delphine finished her drink and got up from her perch on a bar stool, elegantly walking over to the table and leaning her back against it, standing to the right of Sarah – both women realising the lack of distance between them, but reveling in the warmth it brought.

"I moved here about 5 years ago, for education at a University. I studied Genetics and Immunology, the nerdy stuff," she chuckled, "then didn't want to leave. I'm now working at the University as a mentor."

Sarah nodded and smiled back.

"Sounds impressive," she replied.

"I also notice the English accent, are you here on visit or have you relocated?" Delphine asked, a cheeky smile plastered on her lips as she mimicked what Sarah had asked her.

"I moved here when I was young, with family. Like you, it felt natural to stay, I had made too many friends and found family I didn't even realise I had," she smiled back, her chest warm with the flowing conversation.

Sarah had never found it easy to just talk with people. Moments in her life have made her more guarded and she doesn't trust easily, but here she is chatting with this mysterious blonde about her life. It just felt – nice.

Potting another ball, she moved on. She liked the fact that this was comfortable but she was also well aware that this was too comfortable, it felt foreign.

"Is this your first time in this part of town?" she asked.

Delphine noted how Sarah had potted all the stripes and had started potting her solid coloured balls.

"Yes," she looked down, debating on whether to continue being so open to this stranger, but something made her relaxed and contented in this woman's presence, "I was due to meet with someone I had met at work but they, well, they never showed."

"As in for a date or just a drink with a colleague?" Sarah asked bluntly, she had never been good at subtlety.

Delphine's cheeks had become a bit red but she continued.

"A date," she shrugged, ruffling her hair over to the other side, "but it just wasn't meant to be I guess, c'est la vie."

"C'est la vie indeed," the brunette half smiled, "sorry to hear it though, the dude missed out big time with you."

Delphine couldn't help but think that Sarah was insinuating she was a catch? This made her lick her lips and stand a little taller "did Sarah think she was nice? _Don't think too much into this Delphine, just be chill!_"

"Merci," she smiled, "but it wasn't a dude, _she_ stood me up but still, she won't be getting a cupcake on Monday, that tradition will stop now she's stood me up."

Delphine laughed and moved to standing towards the table, her hands bracing the edge.

"Sorry, didn't um, didn't realise you were," Sarah waved her hand, not used to not knowing what to say.

"It's okay, I didn't either at the beginning," the blonde winked, laughing lightly and moving to grab the cue Sarah had abandoned.

"Come on then, how do I do this?" Delphine moved the conversation along, placing herself in front of the white ball.

"I'll set up a new game, start afresh," Sarah smiled, looking at Delphine a little longer than was needed and started setting the table up again, looking at the blonde every now and again, careful not to get caught staring. _Maybe it's the alcohol but she is looking amazing!_"

Delphine pushed some of the balls towards Sarah, when one spun and came back towards the blonde, earning a warm laugh before she continued to push them back to Sarah's waiting hands. _No, it's not the alcohol, she's just amazing._

Once the table had been set, Delphine took her black lightweight suit jacket off, to leave her white vest tucked into her skinny black jeans, her black bra straps on show, before placing the jacket on top of Sarah's hoody.

"Can I break?" Delphine asked, grabbing a spare cue from the side.

Sarah was surprised Delphine knew about 'breaking'. She stepped aside, dramatically gesturing for the blonde to take over the break.

"Merci," the blonde nodded, sliding her way between Sarah and the table.

She bent down slightly and started to roughly line up the

ball.

Sarah subconsciously looked down and immediately her eyes widened and she looked away, grabbing the chalk to chalk her cue as a distraction.

"Like this?" Delphine asked, bending lower so her eye line was looking down her cue.

Sarah's eyes made their way to a certain blonde's figure and couldn't look away, her hand continued to grind away at the cue.

"I'll give it a go and see what happens," the blonde smiled, turning her head over her shoulder and she subtly bit her lip, "you okay there?"

Chalk dust was falling all over the floor in front of the brunette, as the friction was making the cue head squeak with the action.

Sarah looked down and stopped what she was doing, ending the chalking with a loud squeak. She brushed down her jeans and looked back up, her cheeks blushing bright red.

"Just chalking up," she smiled, moving to put the chalk back and walking round the table, just to be on the safe side.

"I could see that," Delphine said back, bowing her head to take her shot and to hide her knowing smile.

The balls spread across the table, creating some good shots for Sarah's go.

Sarah lined her shot up and was giving it a few practicing shots, eyeing up which ball she wanted.

Delphine couldn't help but stare at the brunette. The way her hair flowed round her face or the way her forehead crinkled with concentration. The blonde's eyes made their way down and could see how toned her legs were through the thin fabric of Sarah's skinny jeans " her eyes rose a little and widened when they landed on a seriously amazing butt looking back at her.

"_Merde,_" Delphine whispered under her breath, averting her eyes.

Sarah had seen the blonde eyeing her and couldn't help the flutter in her chest " this was different.

The brunette took the shot and potted 3 striped balls in a row, before losing the fourth.

"I can play again now then?" Delphine teased, earning a laugh from Sarah.

The blonde lowered her cue on to her hand and started to line up the shot.

"You should bend lower," Sarah commented from across the table.

"Excuse me?" the blonde asked back, her cheeks getting a little flustered.

"To get a better angle and more control, you should bend lower," she reiterated, using her hand to brush some hair behind her ear.

"Oh," Delphine nodded back, a small smile gracing her lips, "like this?"

She bent slightly lower but still not enough.

Sarah cocked her head a little and shook it, gesturing that it needed to be lower.

Delphine furrowed her eyebrows, bending lower but then changing her hand position so the cue was no longer resting in the right place.

Feeling her controlling side coming out to play, Sarah couldn't help but take over. Delphine's posture and angle was all wrong.

"No, no," Sarah insisted, moving her way around the table, "go back to how you were a second ago."

Delphine looked over her shoulder and could feel her heart rate increasing steadily.

"Okay, so ideally you want your back to stay straight," the brunette started, placing her hand on Delphine's lower back and pushing slightly to straighten the woman, gently lowering her as well.

Sarah was ignoring the bead of sweat she could feel forming on her temple and the butterfly fluttering in her throat — these were normal feelings for a game of intense pool right?

"Normally, you let the cue rest in between your fingers rather than on the back of your hand like you've got," Sarah commented, moving round the blonde's side to gently move the woman's hand around, placing the cue in the right position.

Goosebumps ignited on both sets of bodies but neither let it show.

"And, uh, yeah, that seems okay," Sarah nodded, moving back a little and straightening her top.

"M-merci," Delphine replied, closing her eyes momentarily before looking back down the cue — this woman was something else.

"Oh hold up, you need to bring your other hand further back on the cue," Sarah steps forward so she's nearly flush against the blonde's back, using her right hand to grip Delphine's and slide it up the cue, the coldness of the wood sending much needed chills through both sets of hands.

"And then, uh, normally you do a few practice s-shots," she added, moving Delphine's cue back and forth, "to get a feel for it."

Sarah had subconsciously placed her left hand on Delphine's hip, as

they practiced the shot.

Delphine was most definitely not concentrating but she was definitely getting a feeling for _something_.

"Oi oi!"

Sarah nearly jumped out of her skin, bumping into Delphine in the process and making the blonde hit the white ball. A solid coloured ball rolled across the table at a fast pace, hitting another and getting potted into the middle pocket.

"Yay! I potted one!" the blonde squealed, pulling Sarah into her in an impulsive moment of joy.

Sarah reveled in the feeling of it but her eyes grew wide when she realised who had joined them. They both untangled and averted their eyes from each other, looking around and both landing on a smug looking Felix.

"Good game you've got going on here," he spoke up, playing with the umbrella in his cocktail, a cheeky smile plastered on his lips.

"I am still learning," Delphine commented in her soft French accent, tucking her vest into the back of jeans where it had wriggled free.

"I think you might be getting the hang of it," Felix raised his eyebrows, "you've got a good teacher."

He looked towards Sarah, taking a sip from his cocktail, loving the feeling of how awkward this was â€" they both had glistening eyes and rosy cheeks, this was great. He used the umbrella to stir his drink, looking between both women and grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"I've been playing a long time, I just know the tricks that work," Sarah shrugged, playing it off.

"Sure you do," Felix winked at his sister, looking at the blonde and noting her lip bite.

"Anyway, we better finish our game, it's getting quite early," Sarah ignored her brother and grabbed her own cue again, subtly dabbing at her forehead with the back of her shaky hand.

"You enjoying the game?" Felix asked the blonde once they were alone, noting how damn amazing the woman looked in this light.

"Loving it," she smiled, giving the man what he wanted.

Felix smiled back, looking her face up and down.

"She is a good teacher isn't she," Delphine commented, looking over at Sarah and looking back to Felix where she gave him a shrug of the eyebrows.

"Damn, I think I'm going to like you," Felix remarked, chewing the umbrella in his glass, "like, I kinda don't like you because you look flawless as fuck but I can't help but totally want to be your best friend."

"We can make that work," the blonde laughed and moved back to the table.

Felix shuffled back on to the bar stool and looked at Bobby.

"You want to close soon?" He looked her over, "you look super tired."

"You saying I look like shit?" She asked back, ruffling her hair.

"You always look gorgeous to me babe, you know that," he lent forward and tapped the end of her nose.

"Suck up," she laughed back, swatting his hand away, "but yeah, going to lock up in half an hour."

"Fair enough," he commented, "can I," he looked over to where Sarah and Delphine were laughing and touching each other's arms over a clearly hilarious joke, "can I crash at yours? I think I'm going to become evicted from my place."

He nudged his head in the laughing pair's direction and rolled his eyes, finishing his drink.

"You know the sofa is always there for you," she smiled back, liking the fact that Sarah looked happy for once.

"Now who's the suck up," Felix laughed, going to collect his coat from the booth.

Back at the table, Sarah had nearly potted all her balls and it was Delphine's turn but Felix made his way over, getting their attention.

"Bobby's locking up in about 15 minutes and I'm crashing at hers tonight, we've got some catching up to do," Felix looked at Sarah without Delphine noticing and gave her a big obvious wink and a side eye to the blonde, before looking back to his sister, "so I won't be coming back with you to mine."

"_But someone else canâ€¦_" he whispered for Sarah's ears only, before he strutted away and helped Bobby with the few last empty glasses.

Sarah could feel her nerves rising to the surface. She was never normally this nervous with people she found attractive. _She found her attractive? She was going with this? This was happening?_ Oh screw it, of course she was attracted to her â€" there was no denying that now.

"Do you, do you want to come back to mine?" Sarah asked, moving closer back to the table.

"Sorry, I couldn't hear you," Delphine asked, moving closer until they were a breath apart.

"Um, do you want to come back to mine? Have another drink? You can tell me more about what you do and, um, things," Sarah rambled off,

shrugging and then ending with an awkward smile.

Felix and Bobby were nearly finished; they were just wiping down the bar.

"I seriously thought my sister was the smoother one when it came to flirting," Felix said as he looked at Sarah playing with her fingers and bashfully waiting for a response from Delphine, "how wrong was I."

Delphine moved back slightly, giving Sarah a quick look over because she simply couldn't help it and picked up her cue.

"Better get this game finished then," she smiled coyly.

Placing her cue on the edge of the table, she quickly used a hair tie from her wrist and loosely put her shiny blonde hair into a bun, before tapping her cheeks with her hands and picking her cue up again.

Sarah was grabbing her hoody and was casually watching over what Delphine was up to.

The blonde lined up the first ball with pure accuracy and potted it without any trouble, moving swiftly onto the next ball, she potted with a slight curve on the white ball and then she continued to pot each solid coloured ball, one after the other, even having time to do a trick shot with the white.

Sarah stood, mouth open, watching the scene play out. She couldn't believe her eyes. _What the fuck?_

Once the blonde had finished potting all her solid coloured balls, she looked up to see Bobby's impressed face, Felix's look of complete respect and Sarah's utter confusion, before putting her cue to the side, picking up the white ball, spinning it slightly up into the air, where it then landed on the table curving from one end to the other before hitting the black into the corner pocket.

The loud clunk as the black hit the bottom of the pocket left the bar in complete silence.

Delphine looked around, ducked her head slightly as a smile took over her lips and she made her way over to where Sarah was standing.

Bending down to grab her jacket from the chair, she rose back up and got close to Sarah, speaking to her quietly.

"Thanks for the game, Stripes," she said, as she daringly took a leap and placed a small meandering kiss on Sarah's warm cheek.

Sarah didn't move. Her frown just slowly turned into a full grin and she internally slapped herself for being so taken by this blonde.

Delphine walked over to where Bobby and Felix were standing.

"Thank you for making me so welcome here," she addressed Bobby, "it's been a truly wonderful night."

Bobby took the thanks and went over to the front entrance, slowly turning all the lights off.

"You knew she was watching you play badly didn't you?" Felix asked, narrowing his eyes at the woman.

"I was regional champion back where I lived in France," she grinned mischievously, "4 years in a row."

"Damn, you sly fox," he said, impressed at this woman's schemes.

"But, tonight, I may have simply forgot how to play," she winked at him, giving him an innocent smile afterwards and stretching out her hand.

He took it and shook it, his mouth open and his eyes shiny bright.

"Au revoir, Felix," she said as she turned and went to where Sarah was waiting at the entrance.

As the blonde approached, it was now Sarah who was suddenly filled with confidence and lust.

"Shall we?" the brunette asked, holding out her hand.

Delphine smiled sweetly and led the way, taking Sarah's soft hand on the way.

Bobby and a flabbergasted Felix followed them out, locking the bar up behind them as they watched the pair walk, a little wobbly, down the street, hearing only the beginning of their chat.

"_So, you want to start by telling me about the fact that you can play poolâ€¦|"_

"_I didn't know I could, must have been my fantastic teacherâ€¦|"_

Their laughter could be heard from up the street and Felix couldn't help but laugh along with the sound.

"Well, that was an interesting night," he smiled to Bobby wholeheartedly, "let's go home Bobs."

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End
file.